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MIND OF YOUR OWN is a student-run semi-annual publication of Denison University, published through advertising revenue and Denison University Student Activities funds. Subscription rate $24 for four issues. Questions, comments, advertising or subscription requests can be directed to MOYO, Slayer Box 633, Denison, Granville, OH 43023. The opinions expressed herein are not those of Denison University, nor the editors, writers or advisors of MOYO. Material herein is the sole property of MOYO and the writer. Unauthorized reproduction or distribution is prohibited.

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moyo

Last summer I experienced a divine revelation and was enlightened to the state of religion in Southern Ohio. I was in the passenger seat of my girlfriend's Neon, on the way home from Columbus. None of this is important in itself. Don't expect a road to Damascus conversion. We were riding along, listening to the radio and discussing Vincent Gallo's hair to grease ratio, when all traffic slowed. This also is not very singular considering we were driving through a heavily commercialized area in the middle of rush hour.

As we approached two lanes of stopped cars, I saw what I took to be confrontational evangelists walking down the white-dotted line. These individu-
al3, three in all, wore bright orange vests with Xs stitched across the fronts but appeared a little too short for road workers. Unless we had stumbled upon a band of diminutive diamond-tip drill operators, I knew something must be amiss. As we moved closer to the traffic light, I realized the trio were not dwarfs. They were children, children in orange vests, children holding plastic milk cartons stuffed with crumpled dollar bills and loo-

se change, children walking right through the middle of moving—albeit slowed—traffic. The oldest looked to be a boy of twelve, the middle a girl of nine, and the youngest a sort of touched by the Spirit Jerry Matthers, replete with untied shoelaces and floppy bal-
cap. They were knocking on car windows and soliciting funds. They were not even washing the win-
dows or selling stale turtle candies. They just requested cash in the most direct manner possible. The youngest tyke tripped on one of his loose 
laces and fell against the front bumper of the Neon; my girlfriend cringed.

I glanced over at the curb. There stood the source of this mayhem: a middle-aged woman in an ankle-length denim skirt. She held a sign, "Donate Christ for Youth."

Now Christ may have walked on water, but I don't think He would send His flock, especially the youngest, into the middle of a moving stream of Jeep Cherokees and Isuzus. One would hope He would have more sense than that. Among the million rules in Leviticus, there must be something about common sense. What was this woman's justification for sending children into the middle of moving traffic? The Almighty cannot need Food! Little Jerry can risk tire tracks on his back. But wait, Little Jerry's wearing a bright orange vest, and a bright orange vest is the closest thing this world offers to a guardian angel. Never mind that the top of Jerry's bal-
cap is not visible over the hood of the average automobile. Never mind that Jerry's shoe laces are 
untied and, in characteristic fashion, he's falling all over the place. Confrontational evangelists like Charles Spingola—better known as the "You're going to hell if you're Non-Christian, ethnic, gay, or a woman" guy, recently arrested for assault at Kent State—are extreme, but the "Donate Christ for Youth" woman has them beat. Like a good Christian, she is willing to sacrifice safety, to sacrifice life for her Lord. But if Christ were for youth, they would not have them risking their flesh to fill a milk carton full of money. With religious extremism, the line between the divine and the dangerous does not exist. This line needs to be reestablished by the more temperate members of a faith lest a religion's credibility be lost. Being in the middle of the road is a good thing, at least in the metaphorical sense.

With that said, please read the rather envenedhoped article on campus religious life by Besty Falc-
cor and Nina Clements. Or if you prefer left of center, check out Luc Ward's madcap analysis of the hottest new dating scene: church. Karan Anshuman debunks American stereotypes of his homeland India, and our travelling correspondent Robert Levine achieves spiritual transcendence through the music of Thurston Moore. It's all about soul, and this issue has plenty. So find that special step and let MoYO be your stairway to heaven.

Paul Durica
Editor-in-Chief
Gods & Monsters

Hook-up at Church

By Luc Ward

Where was the last place you picked up a girl?

A.) Nite club  
B.) Party  
C.) Eighth grade mixer  
D.) Church

Answer D may strike people as a bit odd. Statistically speaking, church is becoming just as common as the rest. I too was quite surprised at this notion and with the idea of comparing the dating potential found in various Granville churches, but allow me to remind you that when the Editor of *MoYO* has an idea, he can be quite convincing.

Fade in

INTERIOR. EDITOR'S OFFICE- MID AFTERNOON

A large spacious office on a high level of urban sky scraper. The walls of the office are large square windows with venetian blinds to guard them from unnecessary light and the prying eyes of various writers and other magazine staff hustling and bustling around in work area outside the office. A large immaculate wooden desk fills the room. On top of the desk rests large box of cigars. In front of the desk is oversized stuffed chair. Sitting at the desk is a classic 1920s fast-talking business tycoon with his pocket watch chain dangling from an elegant three-piece pinstriped suit. He has his legs crossed with feet on the desk and is leaning back with his fingers interlocked behind his head. Uncomfortably sitting in a stuffed chair is timid, disheveled, overworked young reporter. He fidgets nervously awaiting his special assignment.

EDITOR: Right, right. Now this may seem strange. (leans forward on desk)

but I'd like you to go to some churches in Granville and bring back some hoochey, see.

LUC: Uh, hoochey sir?

EDITOR: Yeah, you know hoochey, booty, honeypies, women Balousky.

LUC: Women, sir?

EDITOR: Yeah, you know, chicks, broads, dames, dishes. I'd like you to go to some churches, see and give me the low down on the situation, ya know the Sunday morning life.

LUC: I don't understand, sir.

EDITOR: Come on Borshonsky, dating potential, dating potential, see. In all the rage picking up the girls at church. I want you to go to some churches and give me the skinny on em. Ya know some guy wants to meet a girl and wants to know which church to go to, see. Compare, contrast. I want an article on my desk on Wednesday morning. Now hop to it, Klopex.

Fade out.

Due to time constraints I did not get a chance to assess the Baptist or Catholic scenes. If you want the story on them, you'll have to do your own research; however, I have infiltrated the seamy underbelly of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopalian situations. The results: stimulating.

---

Centenary United Methodist Church

Sociability = ⭐⭐⭐⭐⭐
Compatibility = ⭐⭐⭐⭐
Atmosphere = ⭐⭐⭐⭐
Overall = 1st place

Highs: Talk about social, this place makes DU parties seem not so social.
Lows: The dating atmosphere is perfect...for Grandpa.

Recommended Pickup line: I like a woman with experience.

---

St. Luke's Episcopal Church

Sociability = ⭐⭐⭐⭐
Compatibility = ⭐⭐⭐⭐⭐
Atmosphere = ⭐⭐⭐⭐⭐
Overall = 3rd place

Highs: Young and Attractive—"I'd like to see you in Bible Study."
Lows: Not so great on friendliness factor.

Recommended Pickup line: After checking tag in back shirt collar. Were you in Heaven?

The Verdict: This church maintains a nice cozy personal atmosphere. But don't let it fool you, fellow churchhoppers. The pews have lockable doors on both ends. Not only does this provide an unnecessary fire hazard, it also makes mid-service potty breaks difficult.

As for the congregation, a Generation X theme dominates the service. So, coming from the loins of a college mate, I figured I was in the right place. The estimated female to male ratio is 3/2 and the attractiveness of this congregation easily surpasses the other two churches. If you think girls in cheerleader skirts are cute, you should see them in alter-gowns.

Unfortunately the chief goal in this survey rests with the social atmosphere of the churches, and this one is poopy. I will admit the deacons gave me a welcome handshake, and smiles and that nametags made general introductions easier. However, I can't report a warm feeling on the whole. For example, I did receive eye contact from several females, but no conversations followed. I got an overall sense of "What is this guy doing here?"

They failed to understand I was assessing the potential of the church in order to fulfill my need for female companionship. All in all, I got the outsider-listening-to-the-inside-joke- feeling. Which is the main reason I'll stick to Mekka over St. Luke's, thanks.

---

The First Presbyterian Church

Sociability = ⭐⭐⭐⭐⭐
Compatibility = ⭐⭐⭐⭐⭐
Atmosphere = ⭐⭐⭐⭐⭐
Overall = 2nd place

Highs: Best stained glass and everyone was so happy and peppy. First Pres. rocks!
Lows: More couples making availability an issue.

Recommended Pickup line: Do you like rockabilly. Neither do I. Let's Fuck.

The Verdict: This church is definitely the largest of the three, both in size and number. I didn't have to worry about being the outsider to this church. I thought it had something to do with the sign next to the front door reading VISITORS EXPECTED.

The chapel is quite ornate; the stained glass windows alone are enough to make even this infidel feel pent. The Presbyterian congregation definitely has the largest of the youthful crowd, for all you who are just realizing that girls aren't so lack anymore. The estimated female to male ratio for this church is 1/1. This church led me to buy into the Editor's theory. Couples are the dominant factor in the crowd. In fact I have not seen this many high school couples since senior prom. Actually, now that I think about it, I have not seen the many couples since that Neil Diamond concert. I mean... it was uh... for another *MoYO* article, that right, another one of the Editor's sick and twisted idea. Peho. Anyway, the in-house introductions are light, but the church promotes a "fellowship" afterwards for socializing. One weird aspect of the service—I attended last, although they were packing them in pew like sardines, no one sat in my pew. Do I smell?
Mysticism and misconceptions revealed

By Karan Anshuman

“India”, I said. He instantly took an evocative step back. The expression on his face turned from calm curiosity to unadulterated awe. Being what I am, I could see it all over his face; the rope, the snake and the charmer, and the dot. I could see the hair on his neck slowly become erect as he visualized—his imagination getting fired up like never before—five meter long swords through their bodies—melted hearts!—attaining nirvana and then going to bed—a bed of nails, of course. He considered me again as he searched the exposed parts of my body, looking for the telltale marks of some bizarre ritual of which I must have been part—perhaps a lucky escapee from human sacrifice. Not finding any, he finally reacted. “Really?” It was hard for me to believe that a fourteen-year-old American could put so much expression into a simple, everyday word like “really.” And he was trying really hard to keep his composure.

“Sure,” I said, “you have heard of the place?” “Uh huh... so... so... what’s it like down there?” he asked, almost screaming the last sentence. So I told him. “What? You mean its pretty much like, here?” The archetypal American interrogative inflection was beginning to get on my nerves. But I persisted. About time to see the images being conjured up in his mind—fairest of all this. I've just been lucky.

India is pretty much normal. No, we have heard of the place? “Uh...uh...uh... “I have had three pretty crazy experiences with India. One of these instances is the real reason why you have been ret...kno-Gnana-Gnana... The Atharva Veda is the oldest. The students have to make various pledges; the Veda is taught, the students have to make various pledges. Sutras—like the sighting of apparitions and the sound of burning embers and other sounds—are cited to do good for yourself and the family, but they have been too, 111-111. The big black magic is said to do with spiritual, insight. His powers of concentration, he performs feats such as fire-walking, levitation and week long fasts from food and water.

The Vedas—cited to be from around 3500 BC. They are religious texts. There are four of these: the Rig Veda, the Sama Veda, the Suro Veda, and the Atharva Veda. They tell the tale of the “hindi” in Hindi. In India they add an “a” to make it a more spectacular reason than “Gwen Stefan of No Doubt.” It’s just makeup and always has been too.

The “fakir” is the “fake” (the similarity in the Hind and English terms is purely coincidental). Supposedly, a “Hindi miracle worker,” he is nothing more than a showman. An Indian friend said the fakirs can pretty much achieve the same thing—using the same techniques.

The “yogi” is the “real” fakir. He is proficient in the art of yoga, by way of constant disciplined meditation, he has achieved a high level of spiritual insight. His powers of concentration are much higher than the average human, through this concentration, he performs feats such as fire-walking, levitation and week long fasts from food and water. He was trem-bling—of cold?—and it took him half-an-hour to get back to his senses. Languidly, he began telling us what he found. The spirit was a woman, a construction worker who had been killed while the house was being built. He was contacted—he strongly sensed her presence the moment he stepped in—and negotiated. Apparently, he had managed to free her from Earthly confines in exchange for a vow. She was to never return. Now I don’t remember seeing all this, I was only two odd, but that seemed strangely familiar when I was told about it... Déja vu?

“My uncle had a notorious neighbor whose hobby was amassing enemies. Unfortunately, one of his prize pieces turned out to be a mantrick. This guy warned the neighbor the sky would soon fall on his head. The threat was floated and the neighbor moved out the next day—crushed under his roof which had fallen as he slept. The interesting bit was that the house had been newly constructed, and it was just the ceiling on his room that had collapsed. Surely enough, a few days later the neighbor moved back in, for the telltale marks of some bizarre ritual of which I must have been part—perhaps a lucky escapee from human sacrifice. Not finding any, he finally reacted. “Really?” It was hard for me to believe that a fourteen-year-old American could put so much expression into a simple, everyday word like “really.” And he was trying really hard to keep his composure.

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By Nina Clements and Betsy Falconer

Following the first MoYO meeting way back in September, Betsy and Nina walk back to their hovels of despair (dorm rooms), discussing possible article topics...[student walks by with head phones blaring bad Christian rock, prominently displaying WWJD merchandise]

**Betsy:** That's the fourth person I've seen in two hours wearing a WWJD bracelet!

**Nina:** Yeah, I know. What's with that?

**Betsy:** She proceeded to pull out a chart and placed me on a graph showing my position between Heaven and Hell based on my ideology. Let's just say I wasn't too close to the Heaven part.

**Nina:** Are you kidding me? It sounds like a bad William Blake poem.

**Betsy:** I told her that I was, more of a scientifically-minded person and besides I was taking Philosophy 101 at the time, so my mind was kind of screwed up anyway. She then gave me an article that she said, scientifically proved the existence of God (which I never read). I think I eventually asked her to leave my room. Polite.

**Nina:** That's terrible! Wait—

**Nina** is seized with inspiration and begins to wave her arms to and fro, Betsy stands there, alarmed and not yet charged with the spirit.

**Nina:** [regains composure] Wouldn't this make a great MoYO article?

**What Would Jesus Do?**

Would Jesus buy his own bracelets? Would He endorse current religious marketing trends such as clothing, jewelry, music, specifically geared toward young people? Would He approve of the role Christianity is playing in today's pop culture? In the past few years, we have noticed a strong resurgence of the Evangelical Christian movement currently the most prevalent religious movement on our campus. The prominence of this movement made us wonder about the presence of other religious faiths on campus and how they coexist with dominant, visible Christian organizations. Further, we wondered whether or not the issue of religious diversity on Denison's campus has ever been addressed or if students felt that religious diversity was important enough to deserve in-depth attention.

**Secularization in Higher Education**

Many of Denison's faculty and students have expressed the view that the campus is dominantly secular. Perhaps our own secular vantage points made current Evangelical Christian visibility all the more prominent, spurring on our research and exploration of this topic. Christian visibility is therefore highlighted by our own secularized view of higher education. Because we have never been exposed to religious leadership within our peer group, interacting with well-organized, active religious groups has challenged our previous ideas of religion's role in the social realm.

Perhaps another reason that this rising Evangelical movement is so visible is because it contrasts previous decades of privatized religion. Dr. Dave Ball, Director of Religious Life, compared reactions to public displays of religion to public displays of affection: “It’s similar to our attitudes toward public displays of affection. There’s sort of a prevailing cultural view about how appropriate it is to be kissing in public, and going beyond holding hands. How appropriate is that?” He further explained, “The dominant cultural attitude we’ve had in the United States is that religion is not appropriate for public sharing...instead, religion is something that you do either in private or with your family, inside your church. That reasoning behind this approach is that it is much simpler to discuss social issues in secular terms rather than in highly divisive religious terminology.

Evangelical Christians on campus have chosen to express their views in the public arena. In response to this new trend in visibility, Ball commented, that “it’s a good thing for people to be in public who they are in private so that people are the same wherever they go.” He believes “some of the motivation of contemporary Christians may be to try to regain cultural dominance and that would really be, in my opinion, unfortunate.”

“It’s hard to be religious at Denison, no matter who you are.”

Ball feels that “it’s hard to be religious at Denison, no matter who you are,” due to the secularization of Denison’s campus. He believes that students’ religious backgrounds are discounted by some of the faculty as well as by certain members of their peer group.

Despite their visibility on campus, Evangelical Christians oftentimes feel constrained. According to Dr. John Cort, Associate Professor of Religion, “the need to belong and find some little niche, whether it be Campus Crusade, or the Homestead, is a very real and important part of Denison. It is often times destructive for people, but I think when I say important, it’s something we have to recognize.” Specific to Campus Crusade for Christ, the only campus Evangelical Christian organization, Cort continued, “some of the students I’ve talked with are either members of Campus Crusade or are also coming out of a similar theological background feel very much outnumbered and belittled on this campus. They feel they are looked down upon, that they are not given much support from the institution.”

Melanie Rickard, executive member of Campus Crusade, supported Cort’s statement. She remarked “I felt people being wary of me because they’re afraid I’m going to try and convert them and trample on their belief system and that’s frustrating for me.”

**Is Religious Diversity A Non-Issue?**

Of course, when discussing religion in a collegiate atmosphere, we must raise the question of whether or not the majority of students on campus are interested in seeing a diversification of religious organizations and groups.

Dr. Sita Ranchod-Nilsson, Director of International Studies and International Advising, is not sure that religious activity is necessarily essential to International Studies.
students. She stated, "I do think, as a group, it’s important to them; how important, there’s a huge variation between students. Many religious celebrations were often cancelled by lack of awareness by the university. Many holidays, such as Ramadan, the Muslim holiday during which students fast (between sunrise and sunset) and sundown for all days become impossible to practice within the limits of daily college life: the university is not able to accommodate students who choose to celebrate these holidays and they become increasingly inaccessible. In the past, it’s been a hassle for them to negotiate with food services," Ranch-Ridgson explained. She further explained that food services have now become more supportive of students who choose to celebrate these alternative holidays.

Kaiser Kheyroola, President of DISA (Denison International Student Association) believes that "a lot of people on campus don’t really care about religion." When asked about Denison’s religious climate and how International students feel concerning it, Kheyroola responded with the "obviously, the dominant religion is Christianity and probably Campus Crusade has a strong presence," yet Kheyroola does not feel that he has, as an International student, bombarded with Christianity.

"I don’t think there’s ever been any pressure on anyone in DISA to join with the Christian group." He conceded that "some people at times have felt a lack of support for their religion, [though] if they approached, say, the Director of Religious Life, Dave Ball, ‘...he’s willing to help them out in any way he can.’" Kheyroola, and most members of DISA have felt that Ball and the Office of Religious Life have been instrumental in meeting many of their various religious needs, such as the promotion of different religious festivals. The only time Kheyroola felt a sense of religious aggression was the posting of the Jesus videos on everyone’s doorknobs, which Kheyroola and many other students, not only International students (but the authors as well) found offensive.

Kheyroola also raised the issue that religious climate should not, and, in many cases, does not influence a prospective International student’s decision to come to Denison. He feels that it is a personal issue and that every student has the opportunity to practice her/his own religion freely.

How People Practice Religion at Denison

Evaluating versus Ecumenical

For the purpose of this article, Evangelical Christianity signifies the importance of the Gospel, the author- ity of scripture, and may be character- ized by zealous missionary enthu- siasm. Ecumenical Christianity may be characterized by a nondiscrimina- tional approach to Christian values.

Evangelical Christian Presence on Campus

The most prominent Evangelical Christian group on campus is Campus Crusade for Christ. They are the most active and well-organized religious organization on campus, according to Dave Ball. We spoke with several members of Crusade’s executive board, the Shepherd Team, in order to gain a more comprehensive under- standing of the group’s purpose. Their mission statement reads: "As the body of Christ, we are committed to pursue intimate relationships with God, to proclaim the hope of eternal life in Jesus Christ to the entire Denison Community, and to build Christ-centered leaders who will make God known throughout the world."

According to Michele McClure, Team Leadership Staff Member for Campus Crusade, the organization has several purposes.

"It’s an international Christian fellowship group focusing on... Christian Evangelism and bringing the mes- sage of Jesus Christ to people. Once the person has ac- cepted Jesus Christ, we encourage them in their rela-
tionship with the faith, helping them to gain the knowl- edge of scripture and gain the knowledge of who God is, so that once they move on from Campus Crusade they can take the knowledge and go out and be God’s servant to the rest of the world." This philosophy is known as the "win/build/send" mis- sion.

In order to promote this evan- gelism, the group organizes bible study, prayer ses- sions and fellow- ship activities.

When questioned about accep- tance of other be- liefs, Crusade Shepherd Team member Eric Nigh responded by further commenting on the win/build/ send mission. He explained "if our mission here is to know God and make him known, then spreading the word and sharing the Gospel... why that is so important is be- cause it’s true. It’s the absolute, full, blank, truth, period. When you’re sharing the Word then, you’re doing it because you know that it’s true. You know that it’s the truth and you know that God said it’s the truth. So, it’s almost like you have a burden on your heart." Responses to Evangelical Approaches

Some members of the Denison community express dissenting reactions to this assertive approach to Christianity. Cott responded to the Evangelical ap- proach, stating, "Whenever anybody starts to advance an argument that claims to make sense of all forms of religious practice, belief, and expression, whenever a person claims to have a single answer and tries to reduce everything to that answer... personally I think that this is oftentimes an immature form of religious expres- sion." Expressing his views on the Evangelical approach to Christianity, Ball remarked, "What can happen is that people who find a religious approach that works for them can think that it’s the only approach that can work for anybody. And I would say that this is not only Camp- us Crusade, but probably the majority of Christian churches in the area. Among many of those churches, the definition of how you become a Christian is very narrow and specific. And that narrow and specific defi- ni tion is that you have to accept Jesus Christ as your personal lord and savior. Sort of an opening of your heart or an act of acceptance on your part. And it’s almost a formula you have to follow in order to be a Christian and I feel that it’s unfortunate for people to have that formula to get the impression that’s the only way to be a Christian. I disagree... Too much emphasis on narrow for- mula in terms of how one can be a good Chris- tian can actually cause more harm than good because of psychologi- cal trauma on the part of students who feel like that doesn’t fit for them, doesn’t work for them, and also because it can drive people away from Christianity."

The origin of the Evangelical approach, as explained by Ball, originates from Matthew 28. In this passage, Jesus tells all Christians that they should go forward and make disciples of all the nations. This raises the question of discipleship: what is the correct way to be a disciple of Jesus? Campus Crusade interprets this Biblical passage to encourage assertive expression of the Gospel of Christ. However, Ball furthered his discussion with a description of Matthew 25, which offers a different concept of discipleship. In Matthew 25, dis- cipleship is very social service oriented. Instead of fo- cusing on acceptance of Christ as Lord and savior, it emphasizes the importance of daily life, or lifestyle. Ball explained "understanding of discipleship places a higher emphasis on how you live your life and specifically how you treat the poorest, the most marginalized, the most oppressed people around you." Pluralism

Pluralism is the idea of accepting many religions beliefs, promoting religious diversity and coexistence. Junior Melanie Rickard expressed, "I think the people who are most supported in the Religious Life Office are those who don’t look to universal truth, people who think that what’s true for you is true for you, what’s true for me is true for me. Pluralism. I think pluralism goes in the 1990s; it’s a post-modern society."
Bekah Taylor, Co-President of the Fellowship. She ex-
plained that there is finding direction and figuring
out the needs not being met by other Christian organi-
zations, one of which we think is service, another is
discussion-based format with scriptural study for men
and women.

The group stems from the non-denominational First-Year Group that Taylor began last year and then extended to
the All campus last semester. She further defined their
purpose as to "provide fellowship for Christians on Denison's cam-
pus, or any seeking to learn about Christianity."
The group meets weekly and tries to provide its members with an
open, spiritually inviting atmosphere with prayer and music. Meetings of-
ten focus on biblical texts or the rela-
tionship of the Bible to daily life. An average of 8 students attend meetings regularly.

Catholic students at Denison

Catholic and non-practicing Catholics comprise the largest reli-
gious group on campus, yet they might also be considered the least vis-
ible. On a very basic level, all Catho-
lic students are members of the Newman Association. Catholic stu-
dents have the opportunity to meet for mass every Sunday at 4:30 in Swasey Chapel with Fr. Mike Gribble, the priest at St. Edmund's Catholic Church in Granville. In addition to
mass, the Newman Association spon-
sors dinner discussions twice a se-
nond, both open to students and faculty members. The group recently
decided to have dinner discussions every other
week after mass in order to facilitate more of an outlet for Catho-
lit students' activity.

In addition to mass and dinner discussions, Fr. Gribble sponsors a day long retreat each semester where
students can learn about both of these three Buddhist fellowships.

The fellowship meets Monday evenings at 7:30. Typical meetings consist of silent meditation, and
occasionally talks given by local Buddhists from varying
schools of Buddhism. These talks generally occur at meetings in the first and third week of each month. Dur-
ing the fourth week of the month, the fellowship reads chapters from entering the Stream, a book published as a companion to the movie little Buddha. The book
describes the three vehicles of Buddhism and contains texts from on students' activity.

Muslim students at Denison

Muslim students, perhaps more so than other reli-
gious groups at Denison, are subject to presuppositions
on the part of Denison students. Cort reflected on the experi-
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Splendor in the Fall
First year love bittersweet
By Chris Million

Arriving here at the end of August, I was completely unprepared for the college life awaiting me. There were a few people I knew on campus, but for the most part I was alone. It was terrifying to have left the security of my base of operations in Worthington, outside of Columbus. On top of all these other concerns, I was far away from the girl back home who had suggested we both be free to see other people. So I was scared and lonely.

This initial loneliness in a new environment led me into new situations. One night during August O, my roommate returned late, followed by a few girls. I was ready for sleep and was lying down in bed at that point. We all talked, and one girl sat close to me, and I let my opened legs. To make matters short, the other girl, resting on my outstretched legs. To make matters short, the other person en-

I felt the same way. We agreed we were together only because of our relationship is very trying, but she still has remained satisfied with her situation. She was a very needy girl from home, and she was the first to see him with somebody else. She said she had been a very needy girl, and that her support system is taken away. Even more difficult is that although everyone has lost support from family and old friends, it seems to want to talk about it. He went on to discuss the ways in which a person tries to replace the support group, partying, joining activities, looking for romantic relationships, etc. He said one of the most valuable resources overlooked by incoming freshmen is friendship with the faculty. They are dedicated to the growth and development of students.

I continued my quest by speaking with Dr. Jeff Pollard, Director of Counseling and Health Services. He has served at Denison for seventeen years. He was quite familiar with the troubles of incoming freshmen. "When a person enters college, especially far from home, his or her support system is taken away. Even more difficult is that although everyone has lost support from family and old friends, no one seems to want to talk about it." He went on to discuss the ways in which a person tries to replace the support group, partying, joining activities, looking for romantic relationships, etc. He said one of the most valuable resources overlooked by incoming freshmen is friendship with the faculty. They are dedicated to the growth and development of students.

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The good doctor emphasized the importance of relying on oneself when looking for happiness in a relationship. He discussed dating safety, self-awareness, and gender differences briefly. His focus was on avoiding the fear of not having a relationship and staying with a jerk simply to have someone. I asked him what he thought about people forming friendship early to be close relationships early in the first semester of their freshmen year. "A lot of these cute couples are going to be broken up by October or November," he said. "People who wait for a more healthy relationship are going to look mature and attractive at that point."

A first year student myself, I held out against the temptation to party until I pumped longer than many of my peers dropped into the amber fronthall of Denison's turbulent waters. The night my resolution broke, I dressed in a pair of tight black pants and the standard party tank top before trekking with several friends from my West Quad residency to party central on the East Quad. I admit it took me only an hour to become thoroughly ebriated and suddenly closely acquainted with a guy who pounded nine beers in approximately half an hour. I must also confess, through my drunken haze, I believed my new suitor and his exaggerated promises. I giggled when his mass consumption of alcohol caused him to stumble and he loved me and thought it would be a good idea if we drove to Vegas and married. If his words were an attempt to lure me back to his place and into his bed, the alcohol he consumed was in opposition to the plan. This liqueored-up lothario ended the evening passed out on the floor of his room after parking into a garbage can while his roommate held his head up. Drunk, but not drunk enough to vomit, I retired early with the help of concerned friends who walked me across campus to my room in the gheto of Denison.

The quiet ending to my first party experience may not be the norm for many first year students, who don't have to do their best appearance for the night of beer, flirting, and, for the lucky, sex. While getting drunk in and of itself is quite enjoyable, getting drunk and scoring is admittedly even better. Being female and halfheartedly believing this adage, I assumed the majority of males at parties were seeking to get laid. Surprisingly, I was the only one who was interested in looking into these relationships gone wrong. I am no longer that summer girl who seems nice, and you mention the fact that you have a boyfriend, he will take off ASAP nine times out of ten." A nice young man I spoke with said he felt lonely the first few weeks on campus but knew it would just take time to meet people. He was patient and has appeared to have adjusted fairly well.

Despite these examples, I still found plenty of people whose experiences more closely mirrored my own. One girl, Rochelle, had a string of pseudo-relationships which only led to frustration and dismay. She claimed she had been a very needy person in high school but had come a long way this summer. Rochelle mistook physical affection for a healthy relationship more than once during the first few weeks of school. It hurt her to feel close to a guy and then to see him with somebody else.

One gentleman, Jed for short, warned about the troubling effects of partying unrestrainedly. He met a bad party his girlfriend couldn't attend, and after a few drinks, he and the girl enjoyed each other's company back in her room. Jed said his girlfriend are now just friends. There are countless stories like the above found circulating around campus, but I am not the man to count them; math is just not my thing. Seeking further expertise on the troubling subject of these relationships gone wrong, I turned to the Dating Doctor.

Dave Colemen, the Dating Doctor, came to speak at Slayter Hall on the evening on September 14, 1998. Mr. Colemen told the story of a woman who called him to find out if he was about to get a ticket from one college to the next, speaking about Creative Dating. At Slayter, he spoke before a crowd of close to 100 young women and a paddling six men—four left early.

Beer by Night, Bed by Morning
Resisting a Romantic drunk
By Michelle Grindstaff
When your shiny SUV and new Abercrombie sweater don't get you laid, what possibility for a productive Friday night remains? If you're like many first year students, you're at Denison, the alternative to a night spent revising a paper for Words and Ideas or playing pool alone in your dorm's lounge is a case of Busch beer, approximately fifty acquaintances and strangers crammed into a dorm room or two, roaring music, and lots and lots of drunk chicks.

A first year student myself, I held out against the temptation to party until I pumped longer than many of my peers dropped into the amber fronthall of Denison's turbulent waters. The night my resolution broke, I dressed in a pair of tight black pants and the standard party tank top before trekking with several friends from my West Quad residency to party central on the East Quad. I admit it took me only an hour to become thoroughly ebriated and suddenly closely acquainted with a guy who pounded nine beers in approximately half an hour. I must also confess, through my drunken haze, I believed my new suitor and his exaggerated promises. I giggled when his mass consumption of alcohol caused him to stumble and he loved me and thought it would be a good idea if we drove to Vegas and married. If his words were an attempt to lure me back to his place and into his bed, the alcohol he consumed was in opposition to the plan. This liqueored-up lothario ended the evening passed out on the floor of his room after parking into a garbage can while his roommate held his head up. Drunk, but not drunk enough to vomit, I retired early with the help of concerned friends who walked me across campus to my room in the ghetto of Denison.

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Multi-faith Center: Campus Must or Construction Fuss?

Construction bust. Swasey is used for purposes other than Christian worship; it is all ready a multipurpose building. I would have no problem going to a Christian service in a Moslem mosque.
Matt Soards/1999

Construction fuss. How about a theater building?
Joe Miller/2001

Construction fuss. The world is my multi-faith center.
Brett Johnston/2000

Campus must. Elizabeth Brammer/2002

Campus must. There should be a place where all people can go to profess their faith and feel comfortable about it. It unites people as well.
Laura Barrett/2001

Construction fuss. God's overrated.
Timothy Allen/2001

Bad, bad idea.
Sarah Leyrer/2001

What would Jesus do, really? (WWJDR)

I don't know. I bet he has trouble holding small objects... with those holes in his hands and all.
Joe Miller/2001

He would quote Hansol: "Where's the love? There's not enough. It makes the world go round and round."
Laura Barrett/2001

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Sarah Leyrer/2001

I say: "India." You say:

I know a third grader who can draw an amazing map of India.
Rachel Bell/2002

Octopussy.
Brett Johnston/2000

Doctors. The parents of my Indian friends are mostly doctors.
Elizabeth Brammer/2002

Jesus would listen to surf rock, learn to twist, and say, "Love thy neighbor. And their ass."
Matt Soards/1999

Heal through break dancing.
Brett Johnston/2000

Book a flight to Cancun and blow the thirteen pieces of silver that he got from pawning his crown to Isaac's House of Holy Lawn Ornaments.
Peter Rees/1999

Hmm... Live like a normal human being with everyone around him oblivious to the fact that he was Jesus, maybe?
Rachel Bell/2002

Throw parties where the wine would flow free.
Sarah Leyrer/2001

Schmindia... I don't really believe in it.
Timothy Allen/2001

No, I said, "I'm from Pennsylvania."
Joe Miller/2001

Peru.
Peter Rees/1999

Hi.
Sarah Leyrer/2001

Papaya
Matt Soards/1999

Beautiful people. Amazing interesting culture. Mother Theresa.
Laura Barrett/2001

Don't get so involved in your relationship that you have no time to get involved in anything else.
Rachel Bell/2002

Explain the aesthetic of smoking.

It keeps your hands busy; it's a stress reliever and satisfies some people's oral fixations.
Rachel Bell/2002

I don't plan to live past twenty-seven.
Matt Soards/1999

I suck, I blow. Any questions?
Joe Miller/2001

You have something to do outside SAGA.
Brett Johnston/2000

It gives people with an oral fixation an alternative to biting their nails.
Elizabeth Brammer/2002

The smoke encircling one's head makes her look celestial.
Laura Barrett/2001

It keeps me warm when I am cold. It gives me love when no one else will. It keeps me entertained when I am bored. But most importantly, the packs come with a shiny foil wrapper on the inside.
Timothy Allen/2001

Instant death.
Peter Rees/1999

Advice to a freshman gone a'courtin'

You're a freshman—so girls are pretty much out of question.
Matt Soards/1999

Leave the beanie babies at home next time.
Joe Miller/2001

Don't do anything I ever did. Believe me, it didn't work.
Timothy Allen/2001

I read once that watching a person smoke while deep in thought is beautiful because the cigarette is like harnessed fire, and it was almost like a physical representation of his creativity.
Elizabeth Brammer/2002

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Timothy Allen/2001

Instant death.
Peter Rees/1999

Look cool, hip, and young while trying harder than most people to end your life.
Peter Rees/1999

Man's first great technological step was the discovery of fire; cigarettes let us carry a memory of this great moment with us.
Matt Soards/1999

Don't get so involved in your relationship that you have no time to get involved in anything else.
Rachel Bell/2002

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Elizabeth Brammer/2002
ON THE MIND

Because it's such a great feeling to know you're alive

Smoke may cause lung cancer heart disease, emphysema, and complicate pregnancy

By Meredith Newman

Freshman year—all the parties are new and exciting and around each corner happy, smiling faces are just waiting to meet you and become your lifelong friend. Then orientation ends, classes start and the school is flooded with upperclassmen. They know the game, they have the dining hall down to a fine science and they know where all the good parties are. This first day of integration can be very intimidating for the freshmen. Old nervous habits from high school come back to haunt them: chewing nails, flipping hair, and of course, smoking. This last vice is a way to "calm down your nerves and keep you relaxed" according to one Denison freshman I encountered. At parties, somewhere between one half to two thirds of people on average smoke. But why at this fine, selective, institution of higher learning do we find so many intelligent people slowly committing suicide? We all know smoking kills, we know it turns our lungs into gross chunks of black goo, but this doesn't matter. Smoking on campus is a social event. To all you smokers out there, think back to last weekend: you were partying, having a good time, and one of your fellow smokers came up to you and asked the age-old question: "Dude, can I bum one?" Now this is an unwritten rule in the highly understood book of smokers' etiquette: If a smoker is accosted by another smoker and a request for a cigarette is made, she must give at least one cigarette to her feigning nicotine brother or sister provided that she isn't down to her last cigarette. Honestly, how many people have you met while smoking? Picture this, you are at a party, you came with a group of friends, but in the surging tide that occurs every time the door is opened, you have become separated. Now you are alone and forced to claw your way through this social nightmare by yourself. Immediate reaction: light a cigarette. You look across the room, you see another person looking as nervous as you doing the same thing, and, hey, she is smoking the same brand as you — immediate commonality. You now have an icebreaker and can strike up a conversation with a complete stranger. Smoking isn't the only commonality people run into at parties; smoking: delight or drug?

Smoke: delight or drug?

By Meredith Newman

The warthog feels he has much in common with Paul Newman, others don't.

Village Flower Basket is open in its NEW LOCATION
1090 River Road
587-3439
(Gray house next to storage units)

smoke reading this may cause lung cancer heart disease, emphysema, and complicate pregnancy

By Madeline Hart

Ah yes, freshman year: all the classes are exciting, and the buildings are intimidating and covered from floor to ceiling with informative posters. It's a warm autumn afternoon. You're finished with classes for the day and stroll up to Slayter to check your mail. Yes! You've received a package! As you wait in the tiresome line anxious to receive your goodies, your eyes are pulled in the direction of a wall covered with pamphlets. As you look closer, you see pamphlets on drug abuse, alcohol, pregnancy, safe sex. Name the abuse, it's on that wall. But where: Wait: Where are the pamphlets on smoking? You are wondering this because you are one of the hundreds of smokers on Denison's campus and, at this very moment, are nic-fitting. You think to yourself, "Where is the information about the detriment of smoking, where on this wall does it tell me not to go smoke this cigarette after I pick up my package, because I am taking off another seven minutes of my life?" After you claim your package, you pass by that wall on your way outside to light up. Chances are if pegged to the wall was a health brochure advertising nonsmoking, you may be on your way to town to pick up some Nicoderm-CQ instead.

Fair reader, you may be thinking at this point: "Hey, I’ve stood in that line, I’ve read that wall. It’s true, there aren’t any brochures on smoking. I’m not a cocaine addict; I haven’t smoked weed since ninth grade; I drink, well, say moderately, like most Denisonians; and I’m not pregnant (I know how to use condoms); but I smoke a pack and a half of Marlboro Reds everyday."

You are certainly not alone in your addiction: "21% of Americans smoke; 80% of those Americans start smoking before the age of 21." As most high school graduates know, smoking can cause health problems such as: lung cancer, mouth cancer, Emphysema, high-blood pressure, etc. The list goes on and on. The bottom line: if you smoke, you’re gonna die! So where on Denison campus are the "nonsmoking", "smoking kills," "This is what your lungs will look like if you keep smoking," "Hi, I’m John, I breath, talk, sing and smoke through a hole in my neck because I have smoking related cancer" posters so frequently seen in high-school? Why is Denison blind to the fact it has a very prominent smoking problem?
however, it is one of the most obvious. If someone is standing in the corner of the room lighting a cigarette, you can safely assume she is a smoker like yourself. Now this may seem silly to you nonsmokers out there, but from personal experience I can attest to the truth of this matter. Since my arrival at Denison, I have met nearly two dozen people because I was smoking. I have had countless conversations on this issue with my fellow students in between classes and on the front steps of my dorm. You can see us congregating there daily, smoking, bonding, laughing and sharing accounts of our day. It is a social trend that brings people together. It is ludicrous that friendships are beginning over a disgusting habit shared by a group of addicted college kids, but on this campus, our secluded home away from home on the hill, we need to form bonds with our fellow students. Smokers share a bond that isn’t understood by nonsmokers. And after all, isn’t a bond what we’re all looking for in college? Haven’t we all been told numerous times that the friends we make in college will be the people we are closest to for the rest of our lives? We are all looking for a “niche” in the Denison community. For those of us who don’t play lacrosse, can’t sing, and aren’t comfortable throwing ourselves at the mercy of the cute stranger across the way, smoking is a means of digging that little niche for ourselves. So, love it or hate it, it’s our defense mechanism. It is means way of keeping control and being a social creature. And hey, we LIKE it. So the next time you see a group of smokers conversing at a party, don’t pity them for the years of chemotherapy they are going to go through. Realize they too are being social creatures only in a style differing from your own.

20 Best Spots to Smoke on Campus
By Kirsten Werne and Sara Almirall

O key kids, we all know the usual spots for smokers: out side Fellows, Knapp, Slater, and the library. Yes, these laudable places fulfill our need for nicotine, but what about truly appreciating that hourly smoke. Not that we are condoning this addiction; we are merely suggesting that a small matter of relaxation be applied to the setting of the cigarette. Therefore, in order to enhance your pleasure while smoking, we have chosen an assorted amount of our favorite places to smoke. Kirsten and I would like nothing better than to know our beloved smoking habits will continue to be used after we are gone (a fond moment to reflect upon, if you will). So, for this purpose, we present to you: The Twenty Best Places to Smoke on Campus.

Kristen’s Picks:
1. Under the hangerover of the Curtis dining hall
2. The porch of Huffman Hall
3. The hallway balcony that separates the upstairs hall from the downstairs hall
4. The picnic table behind Stone Hall (this may take some searching on your part; I’m told the hall has the tendency to roam)
5. Behind Knapp (I preferably the door closest to the radio station—a good place for a pre-show smoke)
6. Behind Slater
7. The bridge/overpass just beyond Knapp but before Beth Eden
8. Bancroft (the hill behind Crawford)
9. The Bio Reserve
10. Outside the Cinema Annex (on the swing or off, take your pick)

MOYO: How did Painted Thin get started?
DOUG & BEN: (looking at Paul): This one’s yours, Paul.
PAUL: A friend of mine, Steve, and I started playing around in my mom’s basement. Steve on guitar and me on bass. We looked for a drummer for five years without much luck. So Steve quit, I found Doug and Ben, and here we are.

MOYO: Where did you get your name?
DOUG: It was born long ago on the planet Krypton.
PAUL: Actually, Steve and I looked for a name and never came up with one. So friends just started giving us names like Poop Deck.
BEN: Or Jimmy Carlisle and the Fabulous Five.
PAUL: I dunno. I just made it up. Is that too boring?
MOYO: No, not at all.
BEN: Well, you see, we were painting this fence, and we were giving it a thin coat.

22 FALL 1998

An interview with Painted Thin

I t’s 2:20 in the morning and I just got back from the Bandersnatch after hearing an awesome punk band Painted Thin. When they finished their set, I went up to see if I could get an interview with the three Canadians. Paul, the guitarist, said, “No problem,” so I went to jot a few questions down. Within a matter of minutes I was on my way outside to have a pre-interview smoke with Doug, the bassist, and Ben, the drummer. As I was light- ing my smoke, I caught the tail end of their conversation. “At least that’s what he said at the concert,” Doug was saying. Then he broke into a Barry Manilow song. We moved inside after finishing our smokes and sat down at one of the big round tables in the Bandersnatch where Paul joined us, and the interview began.

MOYO: Who’s John Samson?
PAUL: The guy from Propaghandi.
DOUG: We put out an LP version of the split with three extra songs on it.
BEN: So we took the three songs from the LP and the four from the “7” and put out “Still They Die of Heartbreak.”

MOYO: So are you on a label?
PAUL: We were on Propaghandi’s label for awhile, but not anymore.
BEN: And we’ve had lots of offers.

MOYO: Are you on tour right now or did you come specifically to play at Denison?
PAUL: Actually, Steve and I looked for a name and never came up with one. So friends just started giving us names like Poop Deck.
BEN: Or Jimmy Carlisle and the Fabulous Five.
PAUL: I dunno. I just made it up. Is that too boring?
MOYO: No, not at all.
BEN: Well, ya see, we were painting this fence, and we were giving it a thin coat.

MOYO: I see. Do you have any albums out?
BEN: We started with a demo, but that doesn’t really count, does it? We guess our first album was called “Small Acts of Love and Rebellion” which was a split between us and John Samson.

MOYO: What’s John Samson?
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MOYO: So are you on a label?
PAUL: We were on Propaghandi’s label for awhile, but not anymore.
BEN: And we’ve had lots of offers.

MOYO: So you’re between labels?
PAUL: Exactly.

MOYO: Are you on tour right now or did you come specifically to play at Denison?
PAUL: We went on tour a week ago, our second tour.
BEN: We started September 15.

PAUL: And go until October 14, I think.

MOYO: Really? Where else are you playing?
DOUG: We played in Minnesota, Green Bay, Grand Rapids, Ann Arbor, Pittsburgh, and Lexington.

PAUL: And then we end up with dates in Eastern
All in All, We’re Just Paper on the Wall

By Kara Burt

A wide range of posters, message board quotes, and other decorative pieces can be found on the walls of Denison dorms. Some of the more common items include neon beer signs, stuffed animals, mosh pit posters, pictures of animals, and pictures of people. Although these items may seem inconsequential, they can have a significant impact on the overall atmosphere of a dorm.

The most popular posters are those that depict bands or artists. Some of the more popular bands include Radiohead, Pearl Jam, and The Smiths. These posters are often hung in the corners of rooms or on the walls adjacent to the bed.

Message board quotes are another popular item. These quotes are often penned by students and can range from humorous to philosophical. They are often posted on walls or on message boards located in dorm rooms.

Stuffed animals are also a common item in dorm rooms. These animals are often cuddled by students during late nights or when seeking comfort.

Mosh pit posters are another popular item. These posters are often hung in the corners of rooms or on the walls adjacent to the bed.

pictures of people are also a common item in dorm rooms. These pictures are often of friends or family members.

Overall, dorm room decor reflects that Denison students are a creative bunch. They use their dorms as a canvas to express themselves and their interests. Whether it’s through posters, message board quotes, or decorations, students use their dorms as a way to make their space feel like home.
to get a beer for a male acquaintance. Of course, I refused and was given the beer anyway. With this story in mind, the notion of men attempting to get girls drunk enough to lose all reasoning and better judgement by pushing alcohol on them persists for a good reason.

Like many of the guys I talked to at parties, I like to have a good time getting drunk and flirting. Unlike some guys, knowing the motive of the person I am talking to is to get me into bed is a turnoff. After witnessing the lure of a sweet talking drunk, I am weary of consuming enough alcohol to lead me to do something I regret the next morning.

As a female, I find the exploitation of a girl’s desire to have a fun evening to be very frightening. If my sudden beau at the first party had a few less beers and I had a few more, I may have allowed myself to fall in love. Like anything, they suck if you abuse them. So be careful, and don’t let guilt keep you up at night.

Faith

students on campus is rather small. Osama Farooqi, a sophomore Muslim student from Saudi Arabia, explained that the Muslim students on campus are not particularly well organized. I think there’s a Muslim student association...I think it’s been founded and all, I just don’t think there’s anyone to run it. I don’t think that there’s many people interested in running it as well.

Also like the Jewish students on campus, Muslim students have specific dietary regimens. Farooqi explained, “Kind of like how Jews have kosher food, we have Halal.” It’s just the way that it’s butchered, it’s supposed to be blessed andbled. So you don’t get Halal food here. Obviously it’s expensive to get, and you don’t get it here. So if you’re going to be practicing Muslim, you have to be a vegetarian at Denison, which is difficult for a lot of people, which is why a lot of people just end up eating the meat.”

Denison’s lack of accommodation for these dietary needs, both of Muslims and of Jewish students, creates a problem in terms of increasing the population of students of all likelihood, Denison will not take steps toward accommodating these religious traditions until the student population of these traditions is large enough to be taken. Therefore, an increase in practicing Jews and Muslims must occur before Denison would be likely to change any policies. Without any increase in religious accommodation, these practicing religious students will not be able to choose Denison over some other campuses.

In an attempt to cut off circulation to my rambling mind, I have held my breath for the last paragraph. Now I must close my tale of woe and regret with a pearly pebble of wisper. It was a mistake, what I did. I was drunk. I am weary of consuming enough alcohol to lead me to do anything without an increase in religious accommodation, these practicing religious students will not be able to choose Denison over some other campuses. It’s a mistake, what I did and what others have done, but those crazy feelings you have, those needs for somebody, are perfectly natural. For me, like anything, they suck if you abuse them. So be careful, and don’t let guilt keep you up at night.

Hindu Students at Denison

Hindu students on Denison’s campus are another group that is not particularly well organized. While many Hindu students do not experience any kind of religious exclusion, others have expressed incidents of religious discrimination. Jigisha Thakor, a junior Hindu student recalled feeling uncomfortable when she attended a campus Crusade for Christ meeting for a Religions class. During one of the ice breakers, one of the members asked her if she was Christian. When she responded that she was a Hindu, the student stopped speaking to her. She also felt very uncomfortable with the other students, who looked over her and her classmates’ shoulders as they took notes about the proceedings of the meeting.

Thakor promotes awareness and support for all different types of religions and festivals, including the celebration of Diwali the major Hindu festival, which she organized this year.

Denison is located in the heart of Pennsylvania, one of the largest in the country. The Office of Religious Life

“I have the same responsibility to traditions as I do to students of my own [Protestant] tradition,” said Ball of his role as Director of Religious Life.

Ball, working with the Office of International Studies, has strove to offer programs for as many of the different religious groups on campus as possible. “We began to see where there was the possibility for us to have programs outside the [Christian] mainstream.”

When Ball entered the office, he also took steps to get along with Rancheul-Nilsson, the first on-campus observance of Id, the Muslim holiday which marks the end of Ramadan. The festival includes authentic food from a restaurant in Columbus in order to make the celebration comparable to the students’ experiences at home. According to the Bandersnatch, the students discuss the significance of the Id festival and share with others traditions from their various backgrounds. The festivities open to all students and faculty who wish to attend, which gives the homogeneous population of Denison the opportunity to learn about a different religious culture.

The office is attempting to add one major festival per year to the Religious Life calendar. Last year they began celebrating Diwali and this year they plan to focus on the Chinese New Year.

Diwali, the major festival of the year for Hindu students “is a time when families gather together just like Id, just like Christmas,” explained Ball.

This year’s Diwali celebration, which took place in Mulbery house, was well-attended by faculty and students, even non-International students. Hindu students went around the room and shared experiences of past Diwali festivals with their families and how important spending that time with their families was to each of them.

Rancheul-Nilsson commented, “It was very interesting to see students of Indian backgrounds, who knew a little bit about Diwali, but like me, didn’t know much about what it was. A number of them...seemed to appreciate learning something about their own culture.”

In order to give students of all faiths a place to worship, aside from Swasey, Ball suggests building a multi-faith center. “It could be much, much smaller than Swasey, but designed in a way that would be inspiring to people from a lot of different backgrounds, with a multi-faith center. Dr. Pollard prescribed a toxin per day. Therefore, an increase in religious accommodation, these practicing religious students will not be able to choose Denison over some other campuses. It’s a mistake, what I did and what others have done, but those crazy feelings you have, those needs for somebody, are perfectly natural. For me, like anything, they suck if you abuse them. So be careful, and don’t let guilt keep you up at night.

Booze

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Frosh

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...on these issues. IP cooperated with the writing of this article. Our intentions need to be addressed more by campus and what they signify. How religious groups are on campus diversity provides an opportunity to learn more about the social location, in terms of the students and the professors so that we would explore the social ramifications of their religious identity just as we do all these other complicated, potentially divisive factors.

Conclusion

Writing this article enabled us to get a better understanding of exactly what religious groups are on campus and what they signify. However, if we had not questioned Christian visibility, we would never have had the opportunity to look deeper into Denison's religious microcosm. The process of writing this article clarified some of our misconceptions about Christian visibility and specifically Christian organizations on campus.

We feel religious/cultural divisions need to be addressed more by the general campus population. Our own campus diversity provides an opportunity to learn more about the world and cultures to which we were previously unexposed. Students need to make an effort to exercise their options and expose themselves to differing points of view and perspectives.

Upon review of the initial draft of this article, some members of Campus Crusade for Christ, who were interviewed, felt misrepresented and unfairly portrayed. We maintain that our intent in writing this article was to provide a critical examination of the religious climate at Denison. We firmly believe that our article presents a fair and honest account of Denison's religious situation.

We'd like to thank those who cooperated with the writing of this article, and to encourage further dialogue on these issues.

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Theatre Owners should be on the lookout for suspicious acting pelicans.
Less Talk, Moore Rock

Thurston' sound uplifts soul

By Robert Levine

I expected New York to be a cauterizing experience. Not to a physical extreme, a la Freddy Krueger, but I did hope to return a little hard-boiled. Still brimming with that golly-gee, Midwestern wonderment-with-the-world, but with more edge, possessed of a brazen self-satisfaction that lets me use words like "capice" and still be taken seriously. Less Gump, more Popeye Doyle. Throw in a little Lenny Bruce, as well. Yeah baby, now we're cooking with heat. But now, two months in, I feel headed a different way. I'm being pulled in the opposite direction. I'm likely to return more susceptible than savvy, more school girl than street hood, and I believe I can trace this redirection back to one evening in particular.

That evening, I had the most direct, transcendental musical experience thus far in my life: no small feat, considering my particularly dire want to touch upon moments in life that defy the usual depreciating influences of time, subjectivity, memory, etc. Every concert I attend I hope for no less. Needless to say, it hasn't happened very often.

But it did happen that night, and it sent me reeling. I was hit hard and spun around. And afterwards, I felt anew, like someone reset my empirical odometer to "0." It left me giddy; stupid giddy, like a child. It was the kind of spectator experience that made me think, "God, I love music," or at least, "God, I love this music," then "I could love anything as long as it made me feel this good," and I rummated over these thoughts like they were the most profound thing that had ever crossed my mind. The whole thing made me gaga. And it couldn't have been more unexpected. Because up until Thurston Moore picked up his acoustic guitar and started playing, I was feeling pretty down about my encounters thus far with the New York artistic array. I felt this nagging need to feel welcome wherever I went, as if there is some pervasive attitude in New York akin to the generous protocol of Southern hospitality (here's an insider tip; there isn't). My going to SoHo [South of Houston Street] that night was just knee-jerk activity. There was some conglomerate art/music/poetry program being presented as part of the Down-town Arts Festival, which I suppose is an annual thing—I didn't know anything about it. I saw Thurston Moore's name on the bill and felt justified in my attendance.

By the time Thurston came on, I had already seen two spoken word artists—the first really lousy (even through the haze of my assumed artistic naivete, I knew that. One of the program organizers stormed out in the middle of the guy's set, screaming that it was, "an affront to art."). The latter was much better; he had a semi-literate, raging drunk schtick. As his publisher told me outside the restroom, "Yeah, in person he's pretty normal. But the minute you put him in front of a mic, he thinks he's W.C. Fields."

I had seen Thurston in the room plenty of times by then. The performance space was open. There were bleachers for the audience, but everyone chose to sit around the central area of the theater, forming a circular arrangement, and Thurston mingled among the crowd like an average Joe, sipping Pabst Blue Ribbon, and looking foppish.

I watched him navigate the (Continued on page 29)
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